

THE HASTINGS MILKMAN.—Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round the clock omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of the clear water was upon him, and three Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub before the maid brought up the jugs. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was following down the next area his first customer's footstep returned, and he was immediately ushered into the library. There sat his lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks," said his lordship.

"My lord," replied Jinks, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would deign to bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while."

"No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of seawater, Jinks."

At a political meeting in Newark the other evening Colonel McLeod, of New Orleans, gave the following new version of the origin of the word "bulldoze": Five years ago certain parishes on Red River had gone strongly Democratic, giving such a majority that the Republicans in New Orleans found it impossible to carry the returns were allowed to come in, to alter the returns which they had sufficiently to carry the state without making the fraud too apparent. These returns were in the hands of a planter by the name of Bull, who was expected to arrive in the course of a week. Republican leaders in New Orleans secured the presence of a grandpère of Monroe Edwards, the great forger, who was known to be an expert counterfeiter. He, with three others, dressed as planters, met Bull on his way to the city, got him intoxicated, stole the returns, which were changed and the writing counterfeited by Edwards. The fraud was not discovered until the returns were published, and then could not be explained until a year after the election. Bull, of course, came in for a full share of curses, and when asked for an explanation stated: "As sure as my name is Bull, I must have been dosed," meaning he had been drugged. From this came the word bulldozed.

"Is this seat occupied?"—An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked to the full without giving an invitation to do so. He was approaching one gentleman who had a whole bench to himself he asked, "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," imperiously replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes." The original proprietor, who had been sitting there for some time, was insulted. After awhile the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturist turned and said: "Sir, when you told me that this seat was occupied you told me a lie," such was the plain language of the matter. "I never saw a liar if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up," then appealing to another party, he said: "Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat, and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.—Baltimore Gazette.

How Miss Wilson Shot a Panther.—Miss Melissa Wilson, of Sheridan, Yamhill county, of panther notoriety, has again made herself famous by killing another of those animals. Yesterday morning she was out looking for a cow, and found where a panther or bear had killed a large sheep belonging to her father. The animal had dragged it some three hundred yards up a mountain. Melissa returned home and took her small rifle and her father's dogs. She then went back to the place where the sheep had been killed and put the dogs on the track. They soon treed a large panther up a lofty fir-tree, and Miss Wilson put a bolt right between his eyes, and, him down dead at the first shot.—Portland Oregonian.

An Old Goose.—We are informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity that Mr. Noah Hunt, living a few miles from this town, has in his pocket a card and goose which, according to his knowledge, is sixty-five years old, and from the history of the goose as given to Mr. Hunt at the time he came into possession of it, it is believed to be not far from one hundred years of age. Mr. Hunt came into possession of the curiously sixty-five years old, and was kept and venerated on account of his age.—Fairfax Messenger.

A woman is far more sensitive than a man. She has finer feelings and a more delicate mind. There are a very few men who realize this, and in consequence woman is made to endure much unnecessary suffering. One of our merchants was going to his office with his wife, Sunday morning, when she suddenly stopped, and put her hand to her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked, startled by the look on her face.

"Oh! I have got on my brown hat."

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"Why, Martha, what is the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Don't you see what is the matter with me?" she returned in a sobbing voice. "I've got on my brown hat with my striped dress."

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"Come along, you lunk head."—Danbury News.

A young man from Connecticut writes home a glowing description of life in the Black Hills. He says that the sunsets are beautiful, the atmosphere delightful, and money so plentiful that he recently made \$500 in a single day. He incidentally adds that he expects to be hung that afternoon for robbing a stage-coach.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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Pure silver can be taken in plates of weight 10,000, and an inch. We have little silver hoarded up carefully and frugally, and if we had the other 100,000 plates we would have a pile an inch square.—Hawley.

The reason why the courts are always full of patent-rights cases is that while necessity is the mother of invention, it is a law.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

Yes, the noble red man is indeed becoming civilized. One of the best players in a Portland (Oregon) base-ball club is an original aboriginal.

The Kiss in the Street.

The world is a world of glorious dreams; The world is a world of beautiful fancies; To be torn by the world's asunder. The world is a world of beautiful fancies; To be torn by the world's asunder. The world is a world of beautiful fancies; To be torn by the world's asunder.

I walked down the street on a sunny day; I walked and I watched the crowd; The crowd that were looking so happy and gay; That they almost forgot to breathe; And I saw a young man and a young girl; They were walking so close together; And I saw a young man and a young girl; They were walking so close together.

He walked for a while with downcast eye; Then stooped with a sudden bow; And I heard the moan of an upward sigh; As he kissed my darling brow.

In the crowded street, 'mid the thronged band; He pressed me to his bosom; And he pressed me to his bosom; And he pressed me to his bosom.

Then I saw a young man and a young girl; They were walking so close together; And I saw a young man and a young girl; They were walking so close together.

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AUCTION SALES—This Day.

By J. D. Whitehead & Co., General Commission Merchants and Auctioneers, 1512 Main street.

WE WILL OFFER AT AUCTION MONDAY, 3d instant, commencing at half past 10 o'clock A. M., a large and well assorted stock of

By Hill & Anderson, General Commission Merchants and Auctioneers, 1524 Main street.

WE WILL SELL THIS MORNING at our store, 1524 Main street—

By A. B. Duesberry, General Auctioneer, 1323 Franklin street.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF HANDSOME WALNUT FURNITURE, CARPETS, BELINDING, ELEGANT CHINA, GLASS, CUT GLASS, MIRRORS, &c., AT AUCTION—

By J. Thompson Brown, Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 1113 Main street.

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AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By Robert B. Lyne, Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 1212 Main street, Richmond, Va.

HIGHLY IMPROVED FARM IN HENRICO COUNTY, VIRGINIA, ELEGANTLY SITUATED WITHIN TEN MINUTES DRIVE OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER, ON THE MIDDLETON ROAD, FORMERLY OWNED BY THE LATE GENERAL HENRY A. WISE—At the request of the owner will be put up at auction, on FRIDAY, the 7th day of September, 1877, at 5 o'clock P. M., the beautifully improved and well situated farm, containing one hundred and twenty-five acres, and now in the office of F. J. Sampson, auctioneer, into four small farms, as follows: Two lots of 100 and 25 acres each, and one of twenty-five acres.

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